

Dance Index

Geil Beaton





Cecil Beaton. Photograph by Paul Tanqueray.

Dance Index

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Comment

Dance Index presents Cecil Beaton in his double rôle as designer for dances and as a documenter of dancing. As designer, he has brought something quite fresh into the ballet, the revival of a recent past. It was a familiar device to revive the glories of antiquity as seen through the eyes of the Eighteenth or Nineteenth centuries, or to revive the Seventeenth and Eighteenth through the eyes of the early Twentieth. In *The First Shoot* Mr. Beaton pushed the pages back only as far as his own childhood, to present an Edwardian vision of wit and county elegance. It may now be difficult to surprise us with any further revivals. Time has crept up so quickly that we seem almost able to create an historic antique out of modes and manners prevalent only five years ago. Yet Mr. Beaton's recent costumes for Frederick Lonsdale's *Our Betters* in the manner of the 'Twenties, (for a London production) was an extraordinary tour de force, and his present investiture of *Lady Windermere's Fan* is a new style in the revivalist vocabulary. He presents the period not as a quaint pastiche to be laughed at in the superiority of our present perfection of taste, but as beautiful in itself, human and substantial, however light and evanescent, comparable to the humor of its comedians. Mr. Beaton has gone to school in France for certain ideas, and his friendship with artists in Paris is apparent in his work. But there is something essentially English in his attitude, particularly in his costumes for women. He has been accustomed to the tradition of great court beauties, and his neck-lines, waist-lines and hair-arrangements reveal a flattering care and suavity too often lost in ballet dress-making.

Mr. Beaton has always taken pictures. He must serve as the Deveria, the Gavarni of our time, with his camera. His photographs of the late 'Twenties and all the 'Thirties will be sought by future historians of social development as typical illustrations of one vanished phase of their subject. But

he has come into his own particularly with the wars of the 'Forties. First with his remarkable series of London architecture under the Blitz; later with his superb separate albums on India and China, he has focussed his lens, not alone for the fantastic stylishness of interior decoration or exterior architecture which has long fascinated him, but on the faces and bodies of people, very often dancers. As a portraitist he ranks high in a very rich epoch of portrait photographers. In his photographs of his own, and of other artists' ballets, he has chosen wisely, and with considerable originality, to photograph individual dance-works in the manner of portraiture. Massine's *Fantastic Symphony* is well symbolized by its choreographer and chief mime, caught in a pose which assembles in the single figure before a fragment of scenery, a pervading mood of this masterpiece of the romantic revival of the 'thirties. *The Good Humored Ladies*, now, alas, lost forever, with the passing of Loupokova, Massine and Woizikowsky, is taken nearly as a family-group. The acrid, champagne-bubble hysteria of *Cotillon*, no longer visible in anything resembling its original form, survives at least in the masterly photograph of the collapse at the moment of the apparition of 'The Hand of Fate.'

A charming writer, a facile draughtsman, an historian sensible to the undercurrents of fashion, not alone in clothes or conversation, and a superb photographer, Mr. Beaton is a professional in several fields, although the ease of his passage in and out of each has never robbed him of the charm of the amateur.

Dance Index is indebted to Mr. Beaton and Miss Maud Nelson for their assistance in providing illustrations, and to Charles Scribner's Sons for permission to reprint from "Cecil Beaton's Scrapbook." All photographs are by Cecil Beaton, except the frontispiece.

L. K.

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Designing for Ballet

by Cecil Beaton

In 1500 Leonardo designed aeroplanes, but nobody considered his "Virgin of the Rocks" was painted the worse for it. To-day everyone has a single line from which escape is difficult. Too often we hear the undiscerning say, "Bérard should stick to the Polignac ceilings, not touch 'Vogue'." "Virginia Woolf, the essayist, should leave the novel to Maugham." Each particular job, it seems, must be done by a specialist.

For years now I have wanted to work for the theatre, but realize it must be considered an interesting phenomenon that, eventually, a photographer should have been invited to design for the stage. But Mr. C. B. Cochran understands that excursions into other provinces can enrich his own. Heretically, he does not distrust, even encourages, versatility, and, thanks to him, I was able to enjoy the experience of watching spellbound the velvet curtains part, to reveal the enormous, living, three-dimensional picture, for which I was responsible.

The child's love of the stage does not die when the toy theatre is thrown away; to the stage designer the toy theatre has become reality. Mr. Cochran declared, "Build yourself an imaginary picture, expense is of no account." The child's dream is given the responsibility of being an affair of business.

From the time that the designs are but nebulous scratches on odd fragments of paper, until the scene shifters have hoisted the last flat into position, life wears a feverish aspect. The weeks spent behind the scenes, amid the smell of size and wood, the mixture of glue and dressmakers' magnificence, have been like times of strikes or war when, un-

der the unaccustomed strain, people's characters are revealed in a different light; some are cantankerous, but most efface themselves working for the common cause. Standards of time change—the days of the week, the weeks themselves, are obliterated by the anxiety that, nevertheless, stimulates mind and body throughout the longest stretches of work; that gives strength to face such overwhelming difficulties, that it is hard for anyone to retain his sense of proportion. Designs are entrusted to dressmakers and scene-painters who *may* misrepresent them. Ballerinas announce the fact that they are hobbled by their tutus. Electricians complain they have not enough amps.; nobody has enough time.

In painting a picture, the artist watches his work, step by step, towards completion, but, not until long after the vast canvases are hauled from the scene-painters' frames, not until the curtain rises on the Dress Rehearsal, is the stage designer's picture seen in its complete and living form. In the dressing-rooms, along the corridors and up and down the iron staircase, each actor, fastening his new costume, is like an instrument tuning-in for his own part in an orchestra and, not until the *dramatis personae* are assembled on the stage, is the symphony heard for the first time. If the basic structure is satisfactory, if the chords are true, the movements of the living actors and changing coloured lights form cadences which add unexpected variations to the work. Something is always added when the designs have been translated and the designer must be quick to take advantage of unexpected opportu-

nities. On a canvas six inches square, a painter can represent the whole of St. Peters in Rome, but on the stage, not only must the compositions be in relation to the human figure and limited to the proportions of the auditorium, but of equal interest to Fauteil A. I., as to Gallery H.55. The stage designer has a greater choice of mediums than the painter. With materials, color can be obtained that the paint-box cannot provide, and these colors can be heightened even further by colored lighting. Here, more vivid effects, in greater expanses, can be obtained than anywhere else—colors that are only hinted at in flowers and butterflies' wings, and contrasts of light not to be seen even in the sunsets of Egypt.

The stage designer is a Cagliostro, with his bag of tricks, of trap-doors, magnesium flares, spot-lights, black velvet curtains, tinsel, and grease paint. By his illusions, a drab, with a few yards of butter-muslin, sequin coronet and pink spot-light, becomes a princess. A whole universe is created by the revolving stage, and, he has at his disposal the unfailing effective means of displaying his illusions—that of raising and lowering the red velvet curtains. It is pleasant to make a trick work, and this trick has the respectability of tradition. For over two thousand years this other world of the theatre has been constantly recreated. Problems have been faced and overcome; each designer must face new problems, those incurred by the flights of his individual imagination. At each performance the audience of centuries looks down on the old heroes and heroines in new trappings; whose legs, arms, and lips new players set in motion. Isolated from the audience by the old devices of proscenium and footlights and rostrum, these players are magnified, dominating their world like gods and goddesses.

Because it is so satisfying to give, once again, to an assembled company a pleasure which has stood the test of time, all the troubles and difficulties that have been

faced whilst the play was in production are now forgotten by actor, carpenter, scene-shifter, producer, dressmaker and designer, in the joy of presenting to the world of faces, lit with a reflected glow from the stage, another world—as magical and transitory as a flower.

When the first shock of falling in love is over, an attempt at analysis is made. If it is a true love, this analysis will but enhance its magic, but the magic itself can never be analyzed. And so it is with the Russian Ballet, with this much difference, that the love is serene and there are no setbacks. Love, to be perfect, must be mutual, but here there is no such necessity; the lover of ballet can, at the worst, be disappointed if the ballet fails; he can never be afflicted with the remorse of unrequited love.



Costumes for The First Shoot.

The Ballet gaily portrays, rather than mirrors, life. It is a witty commentary, without melodrama and without insistence. It can, on occasion, produce a tragic depth of emotion, but it prefers to laugh sympathetically at the frailties of man, without too much thought for the forces and destinies which control him.

The puppets of the ballet are symbols. Everything in ballet combines to make it easier for the audience to recognize this, to dissociate the very real men and women who portray these symbols from their material reality. Ballet is an elaboration of mime: there are no words; and words, even in the most apt and poetical of writing, often bring certain banal associations. Their absence merely gives freer rein to the imagination and to the emotions: intellect, always nec-

essary in some degree when words are concerned, need be no check to ecstasy. To ballet the audience can surrender itself entirely: and without the effort, which words demand, it can be held in a state of suspense. In the same way the synchronization of music and movement, and such effects as a chorus performing an action in perfect unison, a thing which never occurs in everyday life, make it easier for the audience to understand that the dancers can transcend matter-of-fact reality and cause even a fantasy to live.

Not that the ballet is an easy entertainment, devised for the idle: on the contrary, it is entirely buoyant. One can go to the ballet tired and come away refreshed; whereas at the theatre, certain effort is necessary. Here there is no question of catharsis; one does not go to the ballet to get rid of emotions, but to gain consciousness of emotions—consciousness of living.

It is the simplicity and fundamental truth of ballet that causes it to appeal so directly to such a wide audience. It is founded, not on material facts, but on the universal truths which underlie those facts; and this is the secret of its attraction for everyone, from child to philosopher. Moreover, it is only because its foundation is so secure that it can support the garnishing of the various arts which embellish it. For, in its intricacy and subtlety, the ballet is like a richly-set parure. There are the shapes and forms and colors that the artist has created: there is the constant change of lighting, the effects of which are, perhaps, only felt unconsciously by the audience, there are the subsidiary plots among the *corps de ballet*, in themselves so vivid and, at the same time, by their contrast, providing a sense of values with which to judge the main theme; there are the reactions of the choreographer to the sounds created by the composer.

This harmony between composer and choreographer is the distinguishing mark of ballet. The choreographer's most obvious



Costume for *The First Shoot*.



Design for *The First Shoot*. Music by William Walton. Choreography, Frederick Ashton. Produced for C. B. Cochrane's Review. 1935.

duty is to make the dancing fit the music—the subtlety with which he does this is of the utmost importance. He gives his audience further visual satisfaction by his weaving of patterns in space, that is to say the grouping and movements of his dancers about the stage. But, most important of all, are the patterns that he weaves in time: the length of each effect, the pauses, the leading up to the significance of each tableau.

Here is yet another difference between drama and ballet; the audience does not, at any time, have to remember the fact that

Hamlet's father was murdered before the play begun, or that Oedipus married his mother years ago. These puppets are innocent of the past. A dancer enters the stage and for an hour he weaves a pattern with which are interwoven the patterns of the other dancers. That is all that matters; the audience need only be concerned with the present.

And it is this last duty of the choreographer that gives choreography its peculiar affinity to music. For although, to choreography, grouping and composition are essential, and



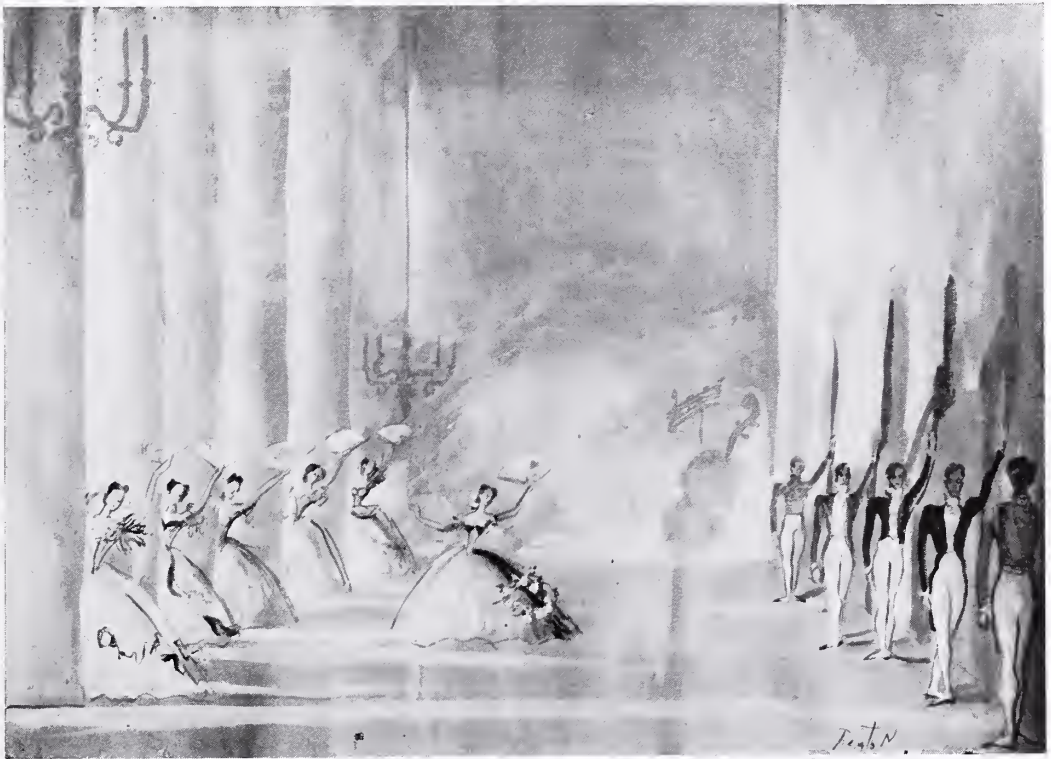
Apparitions. Music by Liszt. Choreography, Frederick Ashton. Produced for Sadler's Wells. 1936

although music cannot be music without melody, yet both are fundamentally dependent on this same thing—timing. It is the varied intervals between the notes that make the melody telling and, in the same way, it is the pauses and the variety of tempo in building an effect that give force to the climax as of the dancing.

But all these many facts must be bound together by an unity of thought which can only be supplied by a master. It is true that the choreographer, the composer, the artist, every dancer, must know and have complete faith in the spirit of the work—and, for many, this is a kind of mystical knowledge, not reasoned understanding—but, because each of them is playing a particular part, he must concentrate on that part more than

on the whole and unless this is so—if one performer allows his attention to stray from his peculiar purpose—the whole effect will be disturbed, perhaps even badly marred.

Consequently the essential, motivating force must be supplied by somebody who is not dancer, nor musician, nor artist, nor choreographer, but who has a mind sufficiently large and sufficient technical knowledge to embrace all these things. It is almost fair to say that, in comparison, ordering a state is child's play. For the politician is probably the better if he subjugates his emotions entirely to his common sense; but the director of ballet is dealing with a matter where his emotions are of paramount importance. Unless he is carried away by the beauty of what is being created, the ballet



Design for Apparitions.

will be lifeless and yet, all the time, he must sustain a logical sense of proportion; he must be critical yet tactful, technical yet stimulating.

Diaghileff was such a master. The ballet was his ruling passion, and to it he brought his culture, his knowledge, and appreciation of every activity which concerned it, his amazing vitality, his patience, his sympathetic encouragement of all who worked for him. He did not seek success for the sake of success; he had neither the complacency of the cinema directors, who look on a success as a safe pattern for future successes, and as an excuse for not experimenting, nor of the London theatre managers, who hope to gain facile reward by transferring continental successes to the English stage. Diaghileff worked always to an artistic theory. He

rarely repeated a successful formula. He experimented constantly, not because he loved novelty, but because he considered that once beauty had been achieved in one direction, it was time to build more beauty by other methods.

He submitted his art theory to constant criticism and, because of this, he hardly ever used the same combination of talents and sometimes even allowed a successful creation to die during its season of birth. Nor did he encourage revivals; for he considered that a living art should not burden itself with the tendencies of the past. Out of all who worked for him he drew their best work; and some talents have only blossomed under his care.

I shall never forget the excitement of my first visit to the ballet. It was at the time when, at the Coliseum, one ballet was sand-



Design for **Apparitions**.



Costume for Pavillon.

wiched between the usual variety turns. Joy was mixed with surprise and gratitude that, unknown to me, there existed a band of people interested in, and working together at a synthesis of all those things which I had unconsciously wanted. A new world of such visual loveliness was opened that, for me, whose visual sense had always predominated, these colors, costumes and scenery became an obsession.

My first ballet was *The Good-humored Ladies*. The undreamed-of vividness of the costumes against the sombre and mysterious tones of nocturnal Venice, the harpsichord, which I was hearing for the first time, the contrast of demented gaiety, rapid, glittering music and eighteenth-century affectation with the haunted silences, the lovelorn Constantia, the fragments of ghostly melody, and the sinister line of beggar musicians, gliding with dragging, sidelong step across the gloom provided for me the greatest emotional experience I had yet known.

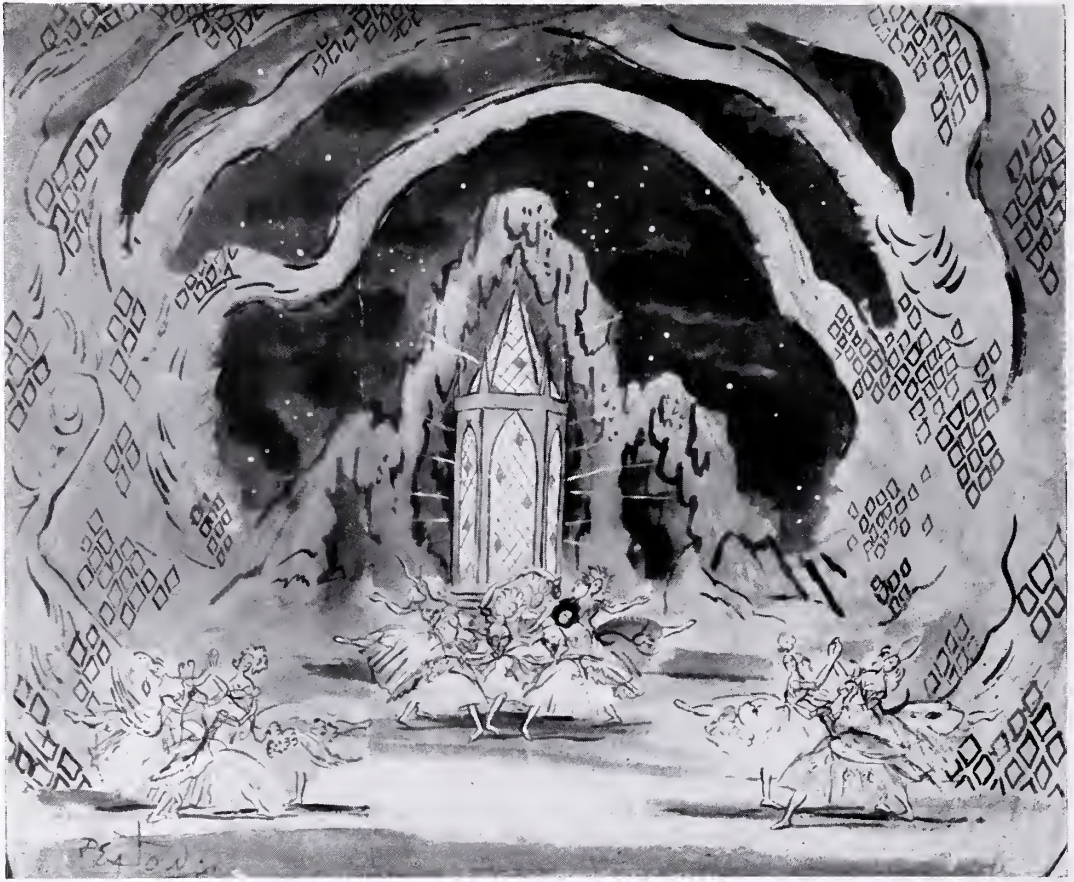
That I might see jewels such as this, set among red-nosed clowns and performing

seals, my three-and-sixpences were impatiently saved. Under these circumstances, the futuristic colors of *Scheherazade*, *Thamar* and *Cleopatra* were branded on my memory and, together with the simplicity of Carnival, yielded inexhaustible subjects for my water-colors.

When the season ended, there came the unexpected discovery of the shrine of Ballet in the Charing Cross Road, presided over by Mr. Cyril Beaumont, whose velveteen jacket, pale complexion, and thick ginger hair, cut *en brosse*, added further thrill to this balletomane's paradise. It would have afforded me the utmost pleasure to feel that I could visit this Mr. Beaumont, whose intimacy with the ballet lent him such glamour, and who just knew everything I wanted to know, and pass the time of day with him, but Mr. Beaumont was there primarily to sell books and so I would visit him with a hardly saved seven-and-sixpence in my pocket, determined



Costume for Pavillon.



Design for Pavilion.

to get its full value. I felt that if I were buying a seven-and-sixpenny book I could demand to see at least fifteen pounds worth of other books and be granted ten minutes of Mr. Beaumont's conversation.

It was here that I heard first the legend of Nijinsky and pored over the pictures of Lopokova, Tchernicheva (whose face remains, for me, a haunting symbol of the ballet) and Massine. Here, too, I coveted the hand-painted and expensive fretwork figurines of the dancers.

When the ballet returned, it brought with it a new style. There were new French artists and new French composers, working to-

gether in new and unexpected ways. And, wonder of wonders, there were three ballets each night and hours were spent conjuring up mental pictures of the changes that were rung.

"Fri.: Evng.:

Three-cornered Hat, Scheherezade, Boutique Fantasque.

Sat.: Mat.:

Matelots, Carnaval, Three-cornered Hat.

Sat.: Evng.:

Boutique Fantasque, Matelots, Good-humoured ladies."

Sometimes one would see the same ballet



Pavillon. Music by Borodin. Choreography, David Lichine. Produced for the de Basil Russian Ballet. 1936.

at two consecutive visits, with a slightly changed cast. But even when the cast remained the same, there was magic to be found in the differences between the two performances. Indeed, these differences, down to so apparently slight a thing as the dressing of the hair, could alter the spirit of the whole evening.

Picasso was the key-note of this period. In the *Three-cornered Hat*, he produced a décor which was the common denominator of the Spanish countryside and, consequently, infinitely more telling than a representation of any part of it would have been. Here, with a few lines on flat canvas, Picasso had conveyed a picture by suggestion, far more credible than built up masses whose effect, however realistic, is always lessened by the fact that the audience is conscious of painted canvas, papier maché and wood. This type of décor opens up new vistas; for if, by a few touches, the artist can suggest the right atmosphere, the imagination of the audience is given far freer play than if it is tied down by conventional mock-realities. So true were Picasso's wiry balconies, the bird-cage tacked to the wall, the striped awning, the suggestion of vines, the glaring whites and hard colors, that when later I visited Spain, I recognized its characteristics from the memory of this ballet.

Then, typically, Diaghileff produced a three-hour ballet, his most ambitious achievement, a very feast of dancing with five Prima Ballerinas, *La Belle au Bois Dormant*. Inspired by the Bibiena drawings, Bakst produced a sumptuous variety of scenery, and the ornate costumes combined with the lascivious melodies of Tchaikovsky to produce an effect like an intricately iced, rich plum cake.

If this ballet were produced to-day, it would meet with unanimous approval, but the audience were not then educated to the appreciation of classical ballet and Diaghileff was dismayed that this wealth of richness should prove a commercial failure.

New idols now began to appear, Nemchinova, Danilova, Nikitina and in particular, Serge Lifar, the embodiment of charming gallantry and youth, who became the inspiration for the next group of ballets. *La Chatte* was the herald of the cellophane, American cloth, aluminum-tube furniture epoch. The ballet was too cold to be sexual. It was as if physical beauty was being analyzed in the hard light of a laboratory. *Les Biches* was perverse without being irritating or pretentious. Diaghileff extracted the best designs possible from the sophisticated imagination of Marie Laurencin, which blended perfectly with the plaintive, metallic music of Poulenc. Nijinska's choreography gave the dancers in this hard, white Riviera setting a pointed swagger, which completed this odd and witty piece of contemporary satire. Then appeared the classical simplicity and humanism of the *Apollo Musagetes*. The greys of the décor intensified the sunburnt physical perfection of Lifar in scarlet tunic, as he slowly interwove his pattern with the Muses to the unexpected classicism of Stravinsky's swooning themes.

Ode was remarkable for the fact that Tchelitchev had completely discarded painted scenery. The setting consisted of ropes and of two lines, which mounted from either wing to meet high above the centre of the back of the stage, on which were hung small dolls, dressed exactly as the female dancers were dressed. Against a blue void the still, small dolls gave the scene vast size and depth, while the black, white and grey dancers formed with triangles of rope, strange mechanical designs.

There was no insistence on the reality of this geometrical immensity. The keynote was suggestion: when Lifar appeared as a cleric, he wore a curé's tabs, but retained the dancer's tights. All the dancers, their faces obliterated with flat masks, were black-gloved symbols in a nocturnal world. Behind gauze screens a man and a tall, thin

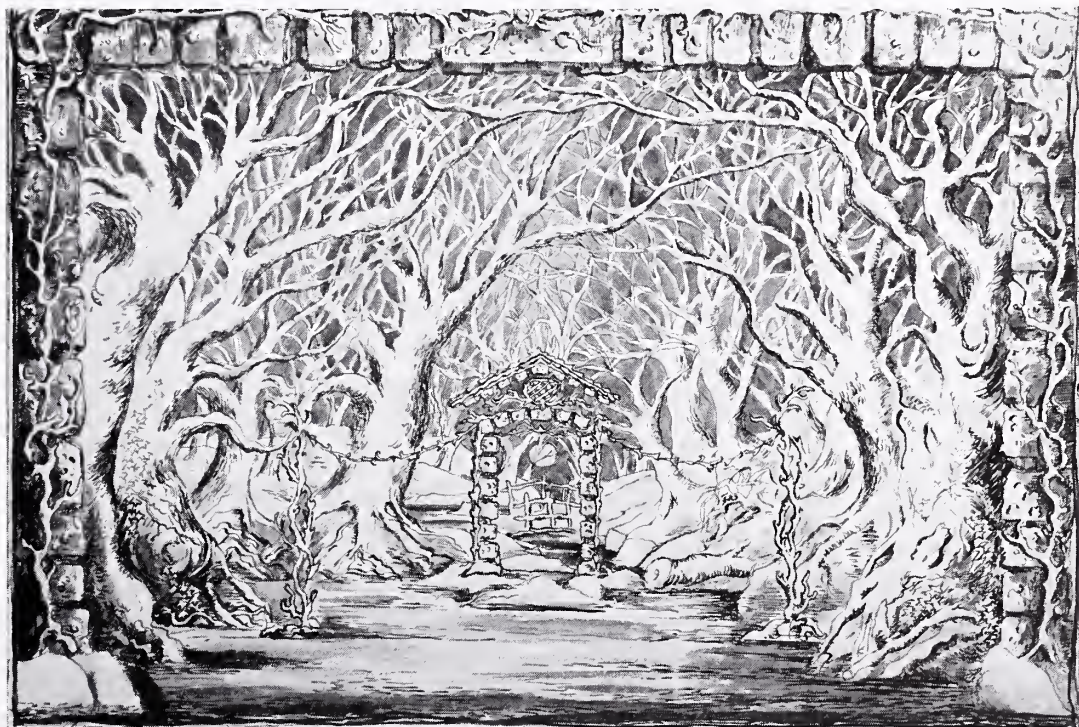
woman, like a blade, gave an impression of nakedness, without conscious nudity. It seemed as if all humanity had been reduced to embryonic form.

I came into the final rehearsal of *Ode* to see the chorus lying tangled beneath the meshes of an enormous net; the situation had the air of some terrible crisis, such as Hieronymus Bosch might have painted; it seemed impossible that, out of such chaos, order could be regained in time for the *Première*.

The Triumph of Neptune, though as ballet not true enough to support its lavish ornamentations, delightful in themselves, produced an astounding *Finale*. As the curtain came down all the dancers, feverishly hornpiping on the crowded stage, began to laugh unrestrainedly with their whole be-

ings. Suddenly the puppets came to life and it was as if the proscenium opening had been covered with a gigantic sheet of plate-glass, which now burst shattered into the auditorium.

But most moving of all was the "Prodigal Son." Rouault is a difficult artist, but the grand and terrible gloom of his dark blues and deep crimsons and blacks prepared the audience for the direct and poignant simplicity of the ballet. Here there is no laughter; depths of emotion are plumbed which are usually only reached by tragedy. Just before the curtain came down, Lifar, after a drag across the stage, almost intolerable with the suspense in which it kept the audience, attained a pose of complete yet taut exhaustion, curved like a trout which can



Design for *Les Patineurs*. Music by Meyerbeer. Choreography, Frederick Ashton. Ballet Theatre, 1946.

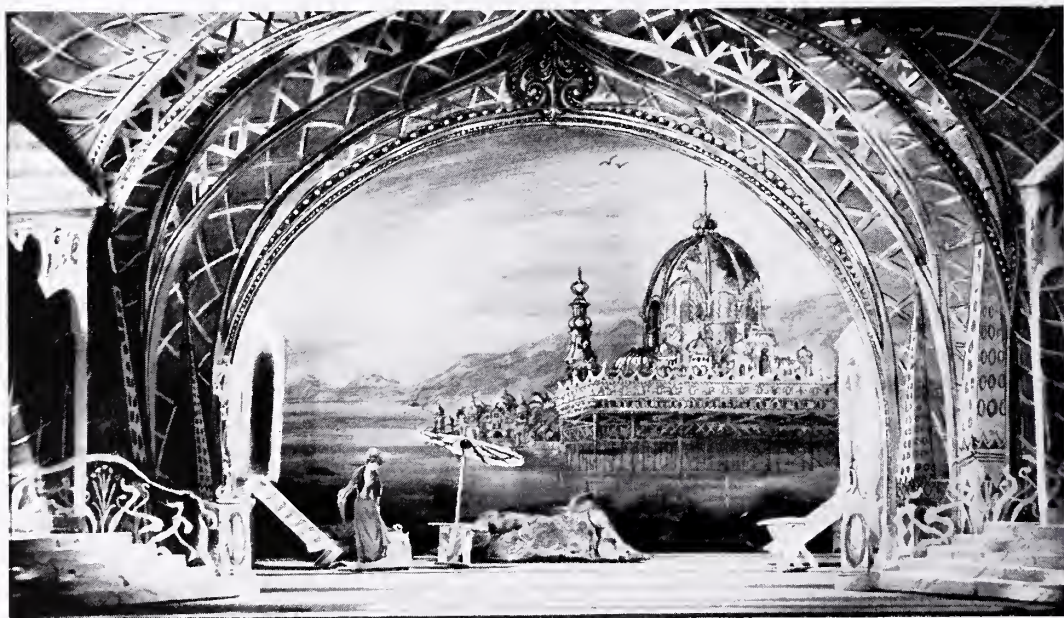
fight no more, at the knees of the statuesque biblical father.

As each new creation appeared my admiration for Diaghileff was forgotten in my gratitude to Bakst for having placed a purple bow on Mariucca's yellow brocade. Now I began to appreciate the driving force which controlled the artist and every other part of the ballet beside. Diaghileff became my hero, but although it thrilled me to see him, dressed like a dandy, in Monte Carlo, in Venice or at the Savoy Grill, London, I was, as so often happens in the case of people whom one particularly wants to meet, afraid to meet him. More, my shyness prompted me deliberately to avoid him, and although Diaghileff proved to be a model of courtliness, this shyness reached a pitch of terror when, in the Piazza, at Venice, the Baroness d'Erlanger insisted that I should show him some of my designs. Such was my reverence for this impresario, whose volcanic presence, tireless activity and flawless taste had given so much to the theatre.

Quite suddenly, he died. His death was something that no one had ever contemplated. There had been so much life in his ballet, that there had not been time to think of what would happen when he was gone. All was confusion; Diaghileff had no will, and his brother, to whom, as his heir, the scenery and properties now belonged, could not be found. No one appeared who could carry on, even temporarily. The dancers who had been hopefully awaiting a miracle, could wait no longer and, one by one, as the months passed, they drifted away.

Sacheverell Sitwell wrote: "It was exactly a year ago that Diaghileff died. Since then it seems as if nothing more had happened. All the strings that he held in his hands, those small, white hands that were in such contrast to his stature, dropped from him, and the puppets have never moved again."

And then, four years later, the miracle did happen. Incredibly, Colonel de Basil gathered the company together again and, more incredibly still, it was a success. Of



Design for **Seagulls**. Music by Lord Berners. Choreography, Frederick Ashton. Sadler's Wells. 1946.



Setting and costumes for *Camille*. Music by Schubert, arranged by Rieti. Choreography, John Taras. Produced for Ballet Associates in America Inc. 1946.



course, just as in the later phases of Diaghileff's career, those who had known Nijinsky bemoaned the decline of ballet, so now many voices could talk of nothing but the good old days. And I, too, prejudiced by the knowledge that the driving force was no longer there, unconsciously felt that anything might go wrong, that the dancers might even be technically, as well as spiritually, incapable of carrying the performance through. But gradually I realized that not only would the Company not fail, but that there were more dancers of technical excellence than before. Certainly they were enjoying greater popularity than they had ever done under Diaghileff. It is true that their creations were not experimental; *Scuola di Ballo* was a half-hearted rehash of the *Good-humored Ladies* in an interior decorator's version of a Lovat Fraser setting, and, in *Présages*, Masson's back-drop and costumes were of such painful ugliness, that I found it impossible to concentrate on the choreography. But then came *Cotillon*, which was almost perfect, with Chabrier's plein-air picnic music, Balanchine's intricate choreography and Bérard's quite ravishing scene and costumes. Bérard was using colors with such skill that he seemed capable of creating a drama in colors alone. When, on to a stage filled with rainbow tarlatans, a young man came in the one color that was not yet present, emerald green, it seemed as if no further climax of color were possible, but the effect was capped when later, two lovers appeared in black. Of the same unostentatious nature was *Les Cents Baisers*, a classical ballet in fashionable clothes of 1530-1830-1930 and Zinnea coloring.

But the note on which to leave the ballet is that of *Choreartium* and *Symphonie Fantastique*. This is the only real experiment that has been made by the Russian Ballet since the death of Diaghileff. It is true that this experiment is in one direction only, that of choreography, but the fact that an

experiment has been made at all shows that there is life in the ballet. In *Choreartium*, Massine has elaborated the ideas which he conceived in *Présages*. This ballet is a free interpretation of Brahms' Fourth Symphony. There is no story, no insistent décor. The interpretation takes the form of pure pattern in space and, particularly, in time, which as has been hinted, is Ballet's greatest affinity to music. The patterns are often not in unison, but they always form a harmony with the music, however subtle the harmony may be. And the patterns in space are as intricate as the patterns in time; here, too, the individual dancers and groups of dancers perform actions in harmony rather than in unison; as, for instance, at the end of the first movement the human chariots, as Mr. Adrian Stokes calls them, which perform quite different gestures, are not discordant, but complementary to each other. At the beginning of the last movement the tension of the choreography has become so acute, that it is necessary for each of the male dancers in turn to discharge superfluous power by, as it were, unwinding like a watch spring, before working up to the tremendous climax of the finale. *Choreartium* is a genuine experiment, if only in one of the many directions in which Diaghileff was continually experimenting.

Symphonie Fantastique takes music that is even more clearly atmospheric and interprets it in terms of choreography. But Massine did not so much interpret Berlioz as identify himself with him, and his choreography was a visual complement to music which had always told a powerful story. It may be that in our time there will never come another master like Diaghileff, who can lead the ballet forward as a whole. But the vital fact is this, that the ballet is not relying entirely on past successes, but is a living movement; and, as long as it is living, it can afford to wait for another master who will lead it to complete fullness of life.



Le Tricorne. 1917. de Falla-Picasso-Massine. (Massine)



The Good Humored Ladies. 1924. Scarlatti-Bakst-Massine.



Symphonie Fantastique. 1936. Berlioz-Bérard-Massine. (Massine and Toumanova)



Cotillon. 1932. Chabrier-Bérard-Balanchine. (Lichine and Toumanova)



Errante. 1934. Schubert-Tchelitchew-Balanchine. (Tamara Geva and Charles Laskey)



Orpheus. 1937. Gluck-Tchelitchew-Balanchine.